

THE MAGNOLIA

OR, LITERARY TABLET.

Published Semi-Monthly, at One Dollar Per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. I.

HUDSON, NOVEMBER 30, 1833.

No. 5.

For the Magnolia.

Louise Queen of Prussia.

Peace to thy slumber! and the loud bugle blast,
Or din of battle from the glittering throng,
Can rouse the heart, that sweetly sleeps at last—

Forged of its wrongs.

Thou art inessate as the flowers that's strewn
With deep devotion round thy lowly tomb.

Thy memory is enshrined, lamented Queen,
In many a heart thy name hath had a charm,
To inspire each passion, in the battle scene—
And nerve each arm.

And all regret thou didst not live to see,
The deep fulfilment of thy prophecy.

But why regret thee? sweet is thy dreamless sleep,
Rich in a people's love thou passed away,
To brighter worlds—and none should weep
Thy closing day.

Triumphant virtue's smile, hath shed on thee
The blessed light of immortality.

C. D.

The Kentuckian's Hunt.

After supper, when the company were again ranged about the fire, the conversation took a lively turn; hunting, war and love, naturally became the leading subjects. The old, when they are benevolent, love the conversation of the young. Gentian simplicity of character is always shown, in a relish for hearing the sentiments, and witnessing the joys of youth. Persons of the strongest minds often read children's books with interest, and mingle with delight in their sports. Col. Hendrickson was one of these. Although dignified in his manners, and even austere in his appearance, he could unbend, and win the eager attention of a youthful circle by his cheerful sallies. On this evening he was in high spirits, and joined freely in the mirth of his guests.

"I will tell you," said he, "a very singular hunting adventure, which happened when Mrs. Hendrickson and I were both young people."

"Mr. Hendrickson," interposed the venerable lady mildly, but with a little spice of one having authority, "I would not tell that story now."

"Why not, my dear? It is a good story."

"But you have told it so often, Mr. Hendrickson."

"No matter for that, my dear; our guests have never heard it."

"You must know," said he, while the young folks all assumed the attitude of eager listeners, "that my father was a wealthy farmer in the western part of Virginia. We lived near the mountains, and I learned to hunt when I was a mere boy. We had plenty of servants, and I had little else to do than to fol-

low my own inclination. At fourteen I used to break my father's colts, and had gained the reputation of a daring rider; at the same age I could track a deer as successfully as the most experienced hunter, and before I was grown, I had been a volunteer among the Indians. At sixteen, I began to get fond of going to see the young ladies; so that between my gun, my father's colts, and the girls, I was in a fair way of growing up a spoiled boy. Things went on in this way until I was twenty-one; then the Revolution came on, and saved me. War is a good thing in some respects. It furnishes employment for idle young men. It brings out the talents, and strengthens the character of those who are good for any thing; and disposes of many who would otherwise hang upon society, and be in the way of better folks. I joined a company that was raised in the neighborhood, and was made an officer; and off I went in a gay suit of regimentals, mounted on a fine horse, with a capital rifle in my hand, and a heart full of patriotism, and courage, and love. Perhaps you all want to know who I was in love with?"

Here the old lady began to fidget in her chair, and threw a deprecating look at her spouse, who, nevertheless, proceeded:

"I was just of age, and my old dame there was seventeen, when the war broke out. Our fathers' estates joined, and we had known each other intimately from childhood. She was generally allowed by every body—"

"Mr. Hendrickson," exclaimed Mrs. H. "I would leave that out."

"To be remarkably handsome," continued the Colonel, "and what every body says, must be true. She was, really, although I say it myself, a very great beauty."

"Well, I declare—you ought to be ashamed, Mr. Hendrickson!" interrupted the lady; but the husband, who was used to these scolding shots, very composedly continued his story.

"She was a regular toast at the barbecues, and General Washington, then a Colonel, once drank her health at a county meeting."

This reminiscence was better received by the worthy matron! who took a pinch of snuff, and then left the room; not without throwing a look of pride and affection at her good man, as she passed; but as the tale was becoming rather personal, as respected herself, she remained absent until near the close of it.

"I cannot say that we ever fell in love with each other; for our mutual affection commenced from childhood, grew with our growth, and filled our hearts so gradually, that it may be said to have formed a part of our nature. As for courtship there was none; I rode to meeting with Caroline every Sunday, went with her to the races, and barbecues, danced with her at every ball, and spent half of my

time at her father's house. When returning home late in the evening, after an absence of several days, I used stop at her father's or at my own, just as happened to be most convenient, and felt myself as welcome at the one as at the other! But no explanation had taken place. When equipped for service, the last thing I did, before we marched away, was to go there in my new regimentals, to take leave. She wept, but my mother and sisters did the same, and I thought nothing of it at the time.

"I was gone more than a year, was in several engagements, and went through a great variety of hardship and suffering. We were poorly paid, badly fed, and terribly lashed by the regulars, while learning the discipline which enabled us to beat them in return. At length our company was completely destroyed; some were killed, some were taken prisoners, some got sick, and a few got tired of being patriots. The remainder were discharged, or transferred into other companies; and I obtained leave of absence. I had lost my horse, spent my money, worn out my clothes, and had no means of travelling except on foot. Patriotism, young gentlemen, was a poor business then, and is not much better now. Like Falstaff's honour, it will not set a limb; and I found to my sorrow, that it would not keep out cold, or furnish a barefoot soldier with a pair of shoes. But it warmed the hearts, and opened the doors of all true whigs, and I generally procured a meal, and a night's lodging, at the close of each day's travel, under the roof of some friend to the cause of liberty.

"I had lately thought a great deal about Caroline. It was not until I parted from her that I knew how necessary she was to my happiness. I now recollected her remarks and recalled with delight the amusements in which we had participated together. When lying upon the ground in my cheerless tent, or keeping guard at some solitary outpost, I amused the weary hours in forming plans for the future, in which she was always one of the *dramatis personæ*. When any thing agreeable occurred, I longed to tell it to her, and when in trouble, I could always fancy how entirely she would enter into my feelings, and how tender would be her sympathy, could she be at my side. I had no doubt that her sentiments were similar to my own; yet, when I recollected that no disclosure had been made, or pledge given on either side, and that she was not even bound to know of any attachment, I condemned myself for having taken no precaution to secure a treasure, without which, the laurels I had won would be valueless, and life itself a burden.

"In order to get home, I had to pass the door of Caroline's father; and I determined to stop there first, curious to know whether I should be recognized in my wretched garb, and how I should be received. I was as ragged a rebel as ever fought against his unlawful king. I had no shoes on my feet, my clothes were faded, torn, and dirty, my long hair hung tangled over my face, I had been without a razor for some time, and this scar which you see on my cheek was then a green

wound, covered with a black patch. Altogether, I looked more like a deserter or a fugitive from a prisenship, than a young officer. The dogs growled at me as I approached the house, the little negroes ran away, and the children of the family hid behind the door. No one recognized me, and I stood in the hall where most of the family were assembled, like some being dropped from another world. They were engaged in various employments; as for Miss Caroline, she was spinning upon a large wheel in the further end of the room; for young ladies then, however wealthy their parents, were all taught to be useful. She looked at me attentively as I entered, but continued her work; and I never felt so happy in my life as when I saw her graceful form, and her light step, while she moved forward and backward, extending her handsome arm, and displaying her pretty fingers, as she drew her cotton rolls into a fine thread. The ingenuity of woman never invented a more graceful exercise for showing off a beautiful figure than spinning cotton on a large wheel.

"I thought she looked pensive, but her cheeks were as blooming as ever, and her pretty round form, instead of being emaciated with grief, had increased in stature and maturity. I felt vexed to think that she was not wretched, that her eyes were not red with watching, nor her cheeks furrowed by tears. I endeavoured to speak in a feigned voice, but no sooner did the tones meet her ear, than she sprang up, eagerly repeated my name, and rushing towards me, she clasped both my hands in hers, with a warmth and frankness of affection, which admitted of no concealment, and left no room for doubt. The whole family gathered round me, and it was with some difficulty that I tore myself away.

"When my good mother had caused me to be trimmed, and scrubbed, and brushed, I felt once more the luxury of looking and feeling like a gentleman. I passed a happy evening under my native roof, and the next morning, early, shouldered my rifle for a hunting excursion. My friends thought it strange, that after the hardships I had so recently undergone, I should so soon evince a desire to engage in this fatiguing sport; but I had different game in view from any that they dreamed of. I took a by-path which led to the residence of a certain young lady, approaching it through a strip of forest, which extended nearly to the garden. I thought she was dressed with more than usual taste, and she certainly tripped along with a livelier step than common. I leaped the fence, and in a moment was at her side. I shall not tell what passed, nor how long we stood concealed behind a large clump of rose-bushes, nor how long we might have continued the *teste te*, if the approach of some one had not caused Caroline to dart away, like a frightened deer; while I retreated to the woods, the happiest fellow in existence.

"I strolled through the forest thinking of the pleasant interview, recalling the soft pressure of the hand that had trembled in mine, the exquisite tones of the voice that still murmured in my ear, and the artless confessions that remained deeply imprinted on my

heart. It was some hours before I recollected that in order to save appearances, I must kill some game to carry home. How many fat bucks had crossed my path while I was musing upon this precious little love scrape, I know not; I had wandered several miles from my father's house, and it was now past noon.—Throwing off my abstraction of mind, I turned my attention in earnest to the matter in hand, and, after a diligent search espied a deer, quietly grazing in an open spot, in full view. I took aim, touched the hair trigger, and my gun snapped. The deer alarmed, bounded away; and not being very eager, I renewed the priming and strolled on. Another opportunity soon occurred, when my unlucky piece again made default—the priming flashed in the pan, but no report followed. As I always kept my rifle in good order, I was not a little surprised that two such accidents should follow in quick succession—and I began to consider seriously whether it might not be an omen that my courtship would end in a mere flash. Again and again I made the same attempt, and with a similar result. I was now far from home and night was closing around me; I could not see to hunt any longer, nor was I willing to return home without having killed any thing. To sleep in the woods was no hardship, for I had long been accustomed to lodging upon the hard ground in the open air. Indeed I had been kept awake most of the preceding night, by the novel luxuries of a feather bed. Accordingly I kindled a fire and threw myself on the hard ground. I never was superstitious; but my mind was at that time in a state of peculiar sensitiveness. My return home, the sudden relief from privation and suffering, the meeting with my family and the interview with Caroline, had all concurred to bewilder and intoxicate my brain; and as I lay in the dark shade of the forest, gazing at the few stars that twinkled through intervals of the foliage, some of the wild traditions of the hunters occurred to my memory, and I persuaded myself that a spell had been placed upon my gun. When I fell asleep, I dreamed of being in battle unarmed, of hunting without ammunition, and being married without getting a wife; the upshot of the whole matter was, that I slept without being refreshed.

"I rose, and was proceeding towards a neighboring spring, when a strain of singular music burst upon my ear. It was so wild, solemn, and incoherent, that I could make nothing of it, and became more and more convinced that I was bewitched; but determined to see the end of this mysterious adventure I hastened towards the spot from which the sounds proceeded. As I approached, the tones became familiar, and I recognized a voice which I had known from childhood. I had rested near the foot of a mountainous ridge, at a spot where a pile of rocky masses rose in tall cliffs abruptly from the plain. Against the bald sides of these precipices the rising sun now shone, lighting them up with unusual splendor. On a platform of rock, overhung by jutting points, from which the sound of the voice was returned by numerous echoes, knelt a superannuated ne-

gro, whom I had known from my infancy; from my earliest recollection he had been a kind of privileged character, wandering about the country, and filling the various offices of fiddler, conjurer, and preacher. Latterly he had quit fiddling, and taken to philosophy, most probably because ambition, the last infirmity of noble minds, had induced him to seek higher honors than those achieved by the triumphs of the violin. The old man was engaged in his morning devotions, and was chaunting a hymn at the top of his voice, with great apparent fervour and serenity. I made up my mind in a moment that he was the very conjurer who had placed a spell upon my gun, and perhaps upon my courtship; for he had long served as a kind of lay-brother at the altar of Hymen, and was famous for his skill in delivering *billedeaux*, and finding out young ladies' secrets. Moreover, his name was Cupid. As soon as his devotions were concluded, I approached and disclosed, with perhaps, more seriousness of manner than I felt, and certainly with more than I would have acknowledged, the mysterious conduct of my gun, which was as good a rifle as ever a man put to his shoulder, and my suspicion that some necromancy had been practised. The old man was overjoyed to see me, for I had danced to his violin many a long night. He uttered some very profound and philosophic moral reflections upon the rapidity with which little boys grew up into big men, complimented me upon my improved appearance, and safe return from the wars, and assured me that I looked "*mighty sobered*." Then proceeding to inspect my unlucky weapon, he first examined the lock; then drew the ramrod and having searched the barrel, handed it back, and exclaimed with a most sarcastic grin—

"Please goodness! Massa Charley, how you speck your gun go off out no powder?"

The truth broke upon my mind with the suddenness of an explosion. I stood with my finger in my mouth, like a boy caught in a forbidden orchard, a lover detected in the act of swearing allegiance upon his knees, or an author whose wit had flashed in the pan. The simple fact was, that in the pleasure of courting, and the delight of winning my old dame there, who, plain as you see her now, was, as I said before, in her young days, allowed to be a great beauty, I had totally forgot to load my gun! But old Cupid kept my secret—I kept my own council—Caroline kept her word, and I have always had reason to consider that as the best hunt I ever made."

LIBERTY ON BOTH SIDES.—A ragged militia officer, and still more ragged bandy-legged negro, met at the bar of a public house, where the following conversation took place:—"Cuff, you're a good honest fellow, and I like to compliment a man what's lived an honest life, if he is black; you shall take a glass to drink with me, Cuff." "Well, Capting, I's berry dry, so I won't be ugly 'bout it; some niggers is too proud to drink with militia officer; but when he sober he jis as good as nigger, 'specially if de nigger's dry."

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

Gentlemen.—Allow me the pleasure of including you some unpublished lines of a distinguished and popular English poet, written in the common-place book of a fair countrywoman of ours, some few years since, under the engraved portraits of Lord and Lady Byron. They record the whole history of that unfortunate couple, and will, no doubt, find many admirers among the numerous readers of the Mirror.

Lines written after the perusal of numerous essays relative to the marriage and separation of a certain noble lord and lady, who, once upon a time, were paired, not matched.

She said she never would forgive,
And yet forgive him—
She vow'd a single life she'd live,
And never have him!—
She swore she never would repent,
And yet repented—
By Jove! she never would consent,
And yet consented!
Was this well done, or sensible, or witty!
And yet 'his woman-like, ah, more's the pity.

Well, then, she married him—of course they parted
Within a twelvemonth from their wedding day;
She sobbed and sigh'd—was nearly broken-hearted;
And, wish her babe, went sadly on her way.
He sought out foreign climes, and wrote and swore
Whole books of nonsense 'bout his child and wife,
And toy'd with pretty women by the score,
And not long after breathed away his life.

The world since then has studd rather hard,
To solve the riddle of this strange event;
Some think the lady wrong'd, and some the bard,
And some in tears have o'er their story wept:
Yet all agree, 'tis very, very odd.
That man and wife should cut up such a caper—
But one is wasting 'neath the quiet sod,
The other wasting silently life's taper.

Now for the moral of my fitful verse—
(Unlike the writings of the man I sing
It has a moral sensible and terse,
Though it, nor cash, nor critic's praises bring.)
And mark it well; young ladies should not wed
The man whose hand they once refused in scorn;
For if the parson joins them, heart and hand,
Will rue the day that ever they were born!

Gen. Putnam.

During the war in Canada, between the French and English, when Gen. Amherst was marching across the country to Canada, the army coming to one of the lakes which they were obliged to pass, found the French had an armed vessel of 12 guns upon it. The General was in great distress; his boats were no match for her, and she alone was capable of sinking his whole army, in the situation in which it was placed. General Putnam came to him, and said, "General, that ship must be taken." "Ay," says Amherst, "I would give the world if she was taken." I will take her, says Putnam. Amherst smiled and asked how? Give me some wedges, a beetle (a large wooden hammer or mallet, used for driving wedges,) and a few men of my own choice. Amherst could not conceive how an armed vessel was to be taken by four or five men, a beetle, and wedges. However, he granted Putnam's request. When night came, Putnam, with his materials and men, stole quietly in a boat under the vessels stern, and in an instant drove in the wedges behind the rudder, in the little cavity between the rudder and ship, and left her. In the morning the sails were seen fluttering about, she was adrift in the middle of the lake, and being presently blown ashore, she was easily taken.

New Fashioned Calash.

MR. PRINTER.—My wife's coat of arms is composed of a needle, bodkin, scissors, &c., and she enjoys it so much when every part of her paraphernalia is put in requisition, that she often has two or three dressmakers around her, busily employed. The other day when I went home to tea, Miss Thimble was plying the needle to a great rate.

"Miss Thimble," said I, "that's a very great improvement in the article of calashes."

"What's an improvement?" inquired the fair seamstress.

"Why," replied I, "having your outside rattans only eighteen inches in circumference, by which means the calash can only be attached to the back part of the head, leaving the frizzies, forehead, and face beautifully exposed."

"What do you mean?" said she.

"I am speaking of the improvement in that calash you are making," said I.

"Ha, ha, ha!" vociferated the impertinent Miss—"this is the lining for a sleeve, you great ninny."

"A lining for a sleeve!" exclaimed I, "for heaven's sake do let me see it!"

I examined it; and by admeasurement found it to be thus: the length of the rattan at the aperture next the shoulder was 20 inches; that at the lower aperture 18 inches, that in the middle or most bulbous part 36 inches; the diameter of which may be ascertained sufficiently near by taking a third of each number. How such an article may feel to the wearer, I pretend not to guess; but I should think a gentleman walking with a lady, and perceiving a bundle of rattans bringing up against his ribs at every step, would feel rather distant.—*New-Bedford Gazette.*

Faali was the ugliest man in Bagdad, but was not aware of his deficiencies. One day, while conversing with a man in the streets, a lady covered with a veil stopped before him, and for a long time contemplated him very earnestly. Gratified by such attention, he went and asked her why she gazed at him so earnestly. "I have violated the laws of Mahomet," she replied, "by looking with pleasure on a beautiful youth; I must therefore punish my eyes, and I trust that my voluntary penance of looking at you for so long a time will save me from the tortures of hell."—*Mollad-jams.*

ONE OF JONATHAN'S MUNCHAUSERS.—A yankee, in conversation, was illustrating the magnificent growth of pine forests in the state of Maine. Among other instances of prolific trees, he mentioned one of marvellous bulk and stature. According to his account, a half dozen wood cutters had begun upon one side of this tree, and had cut with great vigor and perseverance for six months, when they decided to take a spell on the opposite side. After a hard day's journey, they reached this side—when to their great surprise, they discovered no less than a dozen wood cutters who had been lustily at work for twelve months there. The sight was so discouraging, that they concluded, says the story-teller, to give it up as a bad job.—*Newport Herald.*

[Behavior before Folk.]

In reply to "Behave yourself before Folk."

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk?
When, wily elf, your sleeky self
Gars me gang gytie before folk.

In a' yede, in a' ye say,
Ye're sic a pawlie, coaxing way,
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
And ding me dolli before folk.
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk?
While ye ensnare, can I forbear,
To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpled cheek,
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beck,
Yet, bowlet-like, my e'e lids steech,
An' shun sic light, before folk?
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk?
When lika smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me—before folk?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump, an' ripe, sae tempts me to't,
That I maun preet, tho' I should ren't,
Aye, forwerd times—before folk.
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk?
When temptingly it offers me
Sae rich a treat—before folk?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright,
That shapely neck o' snawy white,
That tongue, e'en when it tries to flyte,
Provokes me till't before folk.
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When its charm, fresh young, and warm,
Cries "kiss me now"—before folk?

An' ah! that pawlie, rowlin e'e,
So roguishly it blinks on me,
I canna' for my soul, let her
Frae kissing you before folk.
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When lika glist conveys a hint
To tak' a snack—before folk?

Ye own, that were we balth aane,
Ye wadna grudge to grant me aye;
Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
What harm is in't before folk?

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk?
Sly hypocrite! An anchorite
Could sae far resist—before folk?

But after a' that has been said
Since ye are willing to be wed,
We'll ha'e a "mythome brisla" made,
When ye'll be mine before folk?
Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
Then I'll behave before folk;
For whereas, then, ye'll aft get "ten,"
It wina be before folk.

The Unlooked-For Return.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

It would appear that nothing but the heavy progress of time—nothing but the selfish torpor of middle age—enables us to calculate the mighty ebb and flow of our spring-tide of life, or analyze the clouds and sunshine of "the April climate of our years." How little do the young appreciate the value of youth!—that brief season of vivid impressions, when mind and heart and body are alike healthy—alike untouched by the corruptions of mortal nature;—when the eye sees with its own sight—the bosom wells with its own emotions;—when the love of God and of his creatures is warm and bright within us—when the scorn of the scorner has not reached

our ears, nor the iron of adversity entered our soul. Rumors of wrong and evil and suffering assail us; but we reject a lesson that finds no echo in our experience. Nay, so unreal is the picture of human affliction, that we look forth and hail these shadows imparted to the imaginary landscape of life by the homilies of the old and the still more frigid lessons of written wisdom, as only intended to set forth with brighter luster the glittering points of joy and prosperity sparkling at intervals upon its surface. "Despair" seems a mere figure of speech; "anguish" a poetical expression; and "woe" the favorite rhyme of a plaintive stanza. Ah! bitter experience!—gnawing, clinging, cleaving curse of mortal sorrow!—wherefore must thou come with thy realities of the grave and the worm, the pang of absence, the sting of disappointment, to prove that the sun can shine in vain, and the spring breath forth its heavenly breath only to deepen the winter withering within our heart of hearts!

Caroline Wyndham at seventeen was the happiest creature in the world: the buoyant spirit that brightens the lustre of her beauty were the results of health, prosperity, and good humour. Her father had died so early in her own life that the deprivation was un-felt; and her mother (herself a creature of impulse) was consoled for the loss by the endearments of this only daughter, a girl of singular loveliness and promise. Caroline had therefore as fair a chance of being spoiled, as too much tenderness and tending usually afford to a human "angel," with blue eyes, glistening ringlets, the foot of a fairy, the voice a siren. The only child of a widow in easy circumstances is predestined, indeed to darlinghood. The same passionate tenderness that clings to its infancy for consolation, watches over the gradual unfolding of the bud, the luxuriant bloom of the perfect flower, as if no other blossom grew amid the gardens of the earth; and if ever an all-grossing partiality were excusable, it was in the instance of Caroline, who was as variously and lavishly endowed as the princess of a fairy tale. Even the one thing wanting (a deficiency calculated to waken all a mother's anxieties) passed unregarded amid the multitude of her good gifts:—she was portionless. Mrs. Wyndham was aware that a rapacious heir-male was looking eagerly to her jointure, derived from an estate rigidly entailed which she had brought forth no son to inherit; and that a paltry pittance of two thousands, the savings of her frugality, was all the dowry of poor Caroline. But what signified this want of fortune to a girl so fascinating, so admired, so courted;—whose smile was "an India in itself,"—whose price "above rubies."

It is true that more than one manly cheek was already seen to flush, and more than one manly voice heard to tremble on the approach of her light footsteps; and Mrs. Wyndham, self-secure of a rich and illustrious son-in-law whenever it might please to relax the tenacity of her maternal embrace and part with a companion so beloved, abstained from the lessons of worldly wisdom bestowed by modern mothers upon their children. She rather anxious

to delay Caroline's choice, in order that she might keep her a few years longer wholly her own;—steal by night like a miser and gloat upon her treasure when all other eyes were sleeping;—watch, every passing cloud upon her countenance, to secure her from the trivial vexations of life;—guard her, pray for her, idolize, adore, caress—luxuriate, in short, in all the raptures of a mother's fondness. At best it is a grievous trial to relinquish to another's guardianship the sole object of our tenderness.

Caroline's heart, meanwhile, was of too pure a texture to be easily excited. She had already frowned upon the suit of one titled admirer; and was readily induced to accede to her mother's opinion that Sir William Wildair was a mere fox hunter, and Lord Martingale a man of unsettled principles. But alas! when Arthur Burlington arrived with his regiment at Dover, where the Wyndhams were passing the bathing season, and having contrived to be presented to their acquaintance, professed a sudden faith in the infallibility of the mother, and bent a knee of adoration to herself, Caroline began to conceive the possibility of a second object of attachment. She was still submissive, still dutiful, still tender to her mother; but, in spite of remonstrance and prohibition, made no secret of her growing predilection for the handsome young devotee. At first, indeed, the prohibition was moderately expressed. It appeared impossible to the doating parent that her Caroline could cherish a wrong thought or blameable inclination; and the acquaintance was suffered to proceed from liking to love, from love to infatuation, ere she uttered a decisive negative. Conviction, loud words, angry admonitions, and harsh menaces came together;—but they came too late.

"Arthur Burlington has not a shilling," exclaimed Mrs. Wyndham. "He has a liberal mind," rejoined Caroline. "Arthur Burlington has not a grain of interest to push him forward in his profession," said the mother. "He has talent and energy," observed the daughter. "Arthur Burlington is a man of low connexions." "He has the feelings and sentiments of a man of honor." And the spirited girl blushed while, for the first time, she ventured to oppose a mother's authority.

Mrs. Wyndham now attempted a different mode of persuasion. "My child," said she, "you have been tenderly and delicately reared. Think what it would be to me to leave you exposed to the privations of penury, to the uncertain destinies of a soldier's wife!"—But Caroline's heart was bright with the sunshine of youth; and though, at her mother's bidding, she looked forth into futurity, she could regard no privation as afflicting connected with the fortunes of the beloved Arthur. Penury was a mere word to a creature reared in the lap of luxury; economy a pleasing branch of minor morals; and as to the perils of a military career, her notion of warring armies was purely historical;—the dragoons of that epoch seemed made to grace the splended pageantry of reviews and parades. In short, her heart beat so quick whenever Arthur Burlington's name was mentioned,

that she had but little philosophy at her disposal for the consideration of their mutual prospects. She wept, indeed, while listening to her mother's appeal; and Mrs. Wyndham augured wonders from her tears, without suspecting that they flowed from the consciousness of having already entangled herself in a solemn betrothment with the object of her mother's repugnance. Dreading a still more express and sacred prohibition, she even consented to fulfil the engagement by a secret marriage: Arthur having assured her that the mother who had dealt towards her with such undeviating indulgence, could not and would not withhold her benediction from a vow already solemnized. And so far as he was right in his calculations; Mrs. Wyndham did consent to bless the penitent bride; she did extend her hand in pledge of peace to her unwelcome son-in-law; she did even hasten to slay the fatted calf, and make merry in honor of these ill-omened nuptials. But there was a touch of bitterness in her voice, and a glance of anguish in her eyes throughout all these rejoicings:—it was plain that she was laboring to spare the feelings and the good name of her rebellious girl. Within a few weeks she sickened, died, and was buried, without any ailment beyond the secret pang, betraying—

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

Perhaps of the three, Arthur Burlington was most to be pitied. He knew himself to be the active cause of Caroline's disobedience, the passive cause of Mrs. Wyndham's untimely end; and whenever he sat watching the tears that stole down the cheeks of his wife, seemed to note anew that mournful waive of the dying mother's head, which was ever present in the daughter's memory. His means were too small to afford to the delicate Caroline those luxuries or rather necessities of her station, which the loss of her cheerful home now rendered doubly necessary; and worse than all, his own parents were still living, and far more bitterly incensed by his improvident marriage than the mild and affectionate woman whom it had hurried into the grave. The letter in which, they acknowledged the avowal of his rashness, was in fact, of too harsh and sordid a nature to be shown to his wife. She was aware that her Arthur's father was a man of mean extraction engaged in a manufacturing town; that he had placed his handsome son, in a husar regiment in the hope that he would achieve greatness and have greatness thrust upon him, both professionally and matrimonially; but she did not know that on learning Arthur's alliance with a portionless girl instead of the heiress anticipated by his cupidity, he had rendered a curse for a blessing, and forbidding the young couple his house.

For some time Captain Burlington managed to persuade his wife that the peremptory nature of his military duty alone prevented him from introducing her to his family; and she, who was so accustomed to endearments of family affection, vainly sighed after those unknown parents, who she trusted, would some day or other deign to replace her

own lamented mother. But she was not yet fully sensible of the importance of that bereavement. It is in the day of our humiliation, rather than in the triumph of our pride, we turn our hearts to God; it is in our season of sorrow, rather than in the fulness of prosperity, we miss the tender hand that sheltered our infancy from harm, and wiped away the transient tear of youth.—When herself on the eve of becoming a mother, when “fear came upon her soul,” she recollected the possibility that the little being about to see the light might see it motherless; and wept anew for that kind parent who would have loved and sheltered her babe for her sake. Then, for the first time, a terrible sentence seemed whispered in her ears—“That tender mother is in her grave;—and, thou even thou, didst lay her there!”

Fortunately, her evil auguries were premature; she survived to press a living child in her arms. But even the joy of that most joyous hour was damped by the same morbid self-upbraiding. While she listened in ecstasy to the feeble wail of her infant, and felt her heart grow big with rapture beyond the relief of tears, beyond the expression of words—the thought glanced into her mind that—“Even so thy mother rejoiced in thy birth; thy mother, whom thou didst hasten to the grave!”

It was in vain that Arthur attempted to combat this afflicting notion. Whatever evil awaited her, Caroline's first impulse was to recognize the blow as a chastisement for her disobedience; and from the period—and it came but too soon—when poverty made itself apparent in their little household, she seemed to feel every privation and every humiliation as a sacrifice due to the memory of the departed. She struggled, indeed, against such evils as operated against the comforts of Arthur and his child as well as against her own; labored diligently, and laid aside all the dainty repugnances of her gentle breeding. She felt that no task could be degrading to the hand of the mother or the wife; learnt to limit her hours of rest, to habituate herself to activity; and, but for that one corroding reminiscence of filial rebellion, would have been happier than in the days of her more brilliant fortunes. Arthur was a man of simple tastes, of high honors, of intellectual pursuits, of equal temper; and above all, of the most generous and ample devotion to herself; and with such a companion, how could his wife be otherwise than happy, and proud of her destiny?

A second year brought a second child, to diminish their stock of comforts, and amplify their sense of happiness. But although Caroline was patient and cheerful throughout all their domestic vexations, her husband had no longer fortitude to mark the wasting of her beautiful form, the sharpening of her lovely features. He saw that she was overtaken, feeble, and sinking under the excess of her exertions; and hastily penning a letter to his father, describing in vivid colours the weakness and sufferings of his wife, and asked but for as much pecuniary aid as would afford her an additional servant.—*He was refused!* “A woman who could break the heart of her

mother to gratify her own selfish predilections, deserves to reap the punishment of her disobedience,” wrote Mr. Burlington to his son. “And he is right!” ejaculated Caroline, who was not only present at the arrival of the letter, but as usual too near her husband's heart to be kept in ignorance of its contents. “My mother forewarned me against the miseries of poverty and want. It is but just that I should fulfil the denunciation incurred by my ingratitude.—He is right.”

In one point, however, poor Mrs. Wyndham's prophecies proved utterly erroneous. She had foretold that amid the humiliation of poverty, domestic disunion would be engendered; that Arthur, deprived of the diversions and enjoyments of his bachelor life would become discontented and fractious; that love would be embittered into hatred by the potent drug of disappointment. But of this, at present, no symptom appeared; and it was perhaps the deep humility of poor Caroline, the touching and gentle penitence with which she kept holy the memory of her mother, and amid all her trials preserved the reminiscence of her filial rebellion as the darkest and worst, that rendered him doubly apprehensive of inflicting a single thorn upon a heart already deeply lacerated. His tenderness, so far from abating, increased with every comfort he was compelled to renounce for her sake; and a stranger might have detected each additional mortification by the augmented vigilance of his attention to her wishes.

“We must be cheerful, love!” Caroline would exclaim, suddenly rousing herself from a reverie of deep despondency in which the brilliant picture of her prosperous youth had arisen like a phantom from a tomb: “we must not wither the hearts of our girls by the premature spectacle of affliction. The eye of a child should gaze upon nothing but gladness; its ear should drink in nothing but joyous sounds; its little heart should not be chilled under the shadow of sorrow. Arthur, do you remember how gay I was when you first knew me?—do you remember how impossible I found it to believe in the reality of misery? My mother (my poor mother, whom I destroyed) suffered no trouble to approach me. She chose that my youth should be bright as the summer sunshine; that my heart should cherish her image connected only with remembrances of tenderness and enjoyment. Let it be so with our children Arthur. Let us shut up our miseries within our own bosoms; let them not already suspect the existence of grief and pain. Smile, dear Arthur, smile—in spite of all our troubles we have riches and joys and compensations beyond the common lot of men; strong mutual affection, unswerving mutual confidence, and fervent trust in the mercies of heaven. So long, dearest, as I can hold your hand in mine—so long as I see those approving eyes bent upon all my doings—so long as I can lay down my head to rest and hear your breathing in the dead of night, mingled with the murmurs of my children—I dare not commend my destiny to the interposition of providence. I have still blessings to be thankful for, of which I must not peril the loss by seeming thankless.”

ness. Let us be cheerful, Arthur; let us smile and be cheerful!"

But the period now approached in which to smile and be cheerful was beyond the efforts of a father and a husband. War was declared: and just as habits of strict economy enabled them to limit their wants within their narrow income, and provide for the necessities of four living beings out of a pittance that had barely sufficed the luxuries of one, the prospect of leaving three of the number friendless and destitute, darkened for the first time the hopes of professional advancement. The big round drops rose on the forehead of the father of the little family, when he contemplated those perils which could only abbreviate for himself the bitterness of a blighted career, but which might render his wife a widow—his children fatherless. His two girls were now old enough to comprehend and report the rumours of the barracks; and it was not many days after intelligence arrived, that the regiment was among the first destined to foreign service, that little Caroline echoed the dreadful tidings in her mother's sick room. Mrs. Burlington had been for some weeks an invalid, and this blow was too much for her enfeebled frame. Delirium was added to indisposition; and the gallant soldier, who felt the impossibility of turning a deaf ear to the summons of honor, even though it claimed him from the bedside of a dying wife, had the misery of imprinting a parting kiss on lips unconscious of his departure; on lips, which amid all their feverish debility, refrained not from incoherently repeating, "Even as *she* threatened, so let it be!—The curse is upon me—No parental blessing hallowed our union. She said it would destroy her, if I wedded with a soldier. I murdered my mother, and now I must die broken-hearted, and atone the crime."

She did not, however, die—no, not even when, on the gradual restoration of her reason she found she could no longer clasp that hand in hers—no longer sun herself in that approving smile—no longer in the stillness and darkness of night, listen for the light breathing of the bosom she loved, and feel that a strong arm of defence still secured her against all earthly enemies. Now all was silent—all blank—all chill—all hopeless. She had nothing left but two helpless children weeping for their father, and the bitter memory of her own filial ingratitude.

"I must struggle against this overpowering weakness," faltered poor Caroline, when she remembered how ill she had been—how friendless and destitute she was. And she rose from her sick bed and wrestled with her despair, and by dint of fixing her eyes resolutely and trustfully upon a single bright speck far in the distance—upon the blessed moment of Arthur's return to her arms after the long desolate period of absence, she managed to keep the life-blood warm within a heart which sorrow had nigh transfixed to marble.

Children are sorry comforters in the house of mourning. They ask for the dead—they ask for the absent; they recall the past, and conjure up endless associations which wound as with an unseen weapon. Caroline could

no longer endure even the mention of her husband's name; and yet there was no hour of the day in which these unintentional tormentors did not hazard some conjecture respecting "poor papa," or an inquiry into the nature and dangers of military duty. "Mother, mother!" the helpless mourner would murmur amid her prayers, "very heavily do I atone my disobedience to thy will—very bitterly do I experience the anxieties of a soldier's wife. Intercede for me, mother, that I may be released from this one overwhelming trial."

Ill indeed can we appreciate the ordering of our own destinies! A time was approaching when she would look back upon that period of suspense as one of comparative happiness; when the bitterest struggle of her terrors would seem preferable to the dull, dead, sullen torpor of her despair. Despatches came which set every heart in motion throughout the kingdom; many with the convulsive throb of affection—few with a tremour of emotion equal to hers. The blow was decisive—the worst was over at once. Captain Burlington was reported among the slain. Her mother's manes were fully appeased—she had nothing more to suffer. Arthur was gone—KILLED—dead!—Oh! could he indeed be dead—that bright, that buoyant, animated noble soldier? Yes; many an officious voice already hailed her as a widow—she who had so rejoiced, so gloried, so triumphed in the name of wife!—Poor—poor Caroline!

The rich have hosts of comforters. Watchful eyes surround the silken canopy, and sympathising hearts wait on the afflictions of the prosperous. Burlington's widow and orphan's wept unheeded. A surly landlord alone intimated upon their wretchedness; and in the depth of her despair, the mourner found that it was by her own exertions her children must be arrayed in the outward tokens of sorrow. There was an officious murmur buzzing in her ears of "respect to the memory of the dead;" and she recollected that the world demanded vain formalities of attire in evidence of that hallowed feeling.

"Behold now and see!—was there ever sorrow like unto *her* sorrow?" Her own—her only!—he for whom she had sacrificed her earthly prosperity, her self-respect, her first and paramount duty of filial obedience—gone—gone for ever! dead—in the crush of battle, without one tender word from those he loved, without the consolations of religion—the hallowing blessing of his parents. His very grave was amid those of undistinguished multitudes—unconsecrated by priestly prayer—by the still more holy tear of kindred affection! "Surely I have now expiated all," said she, meekly folding her hands upon her bosom. She was too woe-struck for tears, too friendless too look for human consolation.

Yet Caroline dreamed not of death as a refuge from her miseries. She knew that she had no right to long for the quietude of the tomb; that her children called upon her with an unsilenceable voice, to arise and gird on her strength, and fight for them in the harsh warfare of the world; and moreover, she had recently become aware of a startling

fact: she was about again to become a mother. A shiver of agonizing delight agitated her whole frame at the thought. Julia and Caroline were the images of herself, and had been doubly endeared to her poor father by that resemblance. But the little being still to come might perhaps resemble him: perhaps recall in its living features that beloved countenance which she now wasted hour after hour in striving to recall in unimpaired lustre to the eye of memory, and which some busy fiend seemed intent on obliterating from her recollection. The first tears that burst from her eyes after reading that dreadful gazette, sprang forth at the hope thus mercifully presented.

The new trials and duties by which Mrs. Burlington was now unexpectedly surrounded, inspired her with a desperate resolution. She determined to throw herself on the mercy of Arthur's obdurate father and mother, lest she should die, and leave his children homeless and helpless pilgrims in the wilderness. She went to them—humbled herself before them—appealed to them as from her husband's grave; confessing her own fault, and praying that it might be hers to atone it by the utmost anguish of mortal suffering, provided her innocent children were exempt from the sentence. The hearts of the two old people relented; they consented to receive the friendless creatures beneath their roof. At first, indeed, they bore her presence with reluctance; but there was no resisting her silent, patient, unrepining sorrow. It was useless to upbraid her. They saw that her self-recrimination was severe and unceasing; that two only thoughts occupied her mind—the memory of her offence towards her mother, the memory of her tenderness towards her husband. She had no longer any care for her children. Their destinies were secured: she had solemnly bequeathed them to the protection of Arthur's parents; to the still holier keeping of their heavenly father and her own.

It is written, that there shall be joy in the darkened chamber of travail: "when a man-child is born into the world;" eager congratulations are heard—and even the mother's feeble voice has an inflexion of triumph. But there were deep sobs by Caroline's couch when the grandmother, in broken tones announced that a son was added to her orphans; and her own accents had a sort of stern solemnity in them when she replied—"Let his name be called Arthur; in memory of the dead."

From that hour, however, her strength strengthened, and her courage grew firmer. "I am now the mother of Burlington's boy," she would sometimes say, in an exulting voice. And then her exultation melted into tears, as she hung over the nestling infant, and strove to trace its father's features in its face; and unconsciously looked round, as if to meet the expectant smile of fatherly tenderness with which the gratified husband had greeted the birth of his elder children. "He has no father!" ejaculated the poor heart-riven widow, as she clasped the little tender being closer to her bosom; "but I will love him so that he shall never feel himself an orphan. And who

—who will love and cherish me? I destroyed my own fond mother; and Arthur was taken from me in retribution of the crime."

Let no one presume to say "I have drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs;" dark as the night may be, the avenger has storms in his hand to deepen a thousand-fold its murky obscurity. The chances of war, which deprived poor Caroline of the father of her children, now began to operate fatally on the fortunes of the elder Burlington. The branch of commerce in which his funds were vested was effected even to utter ruin; and he, and his aged wife, now reduced to a narrow provision, were chiefly dependant on the labors of the daughter-in-law so long rejected, so humbly submitted to their arbitrary will. A nursing mother, a grieving widow, she still found leisure to supply to them the ministry of the servants they could no longer command; and to bear uncomplaining the utmost irritation of their peevishness. "They are Arthur's parents," whispered she to herself; "to work for them is a duty he has bequeathed me. Other duties I have outraged—let me not be remiss in this!" If her spirit flagged in the execution of her task, it was enough for her to contemplate awhile the sweet face of her boy, and it seemed as if her husband's soul were shining out from his eyes, and inciting her to industry. "God will at length forgive me," thought poor Caroline. "If I labor diligently to honor his father and mother, my days will be long in the land, to watch over my orphan children."

The summer came again—the second that put forth its unheeded blossoms since Arthur last culled and placed them in her bosom; and Caroline persuaded the old man whom bankruptcy had now released from his duties, to remove with her to a small cottage on the coast, near the well-known spot where she had first beheld his son. They dwelt there together, if not without repining, without upbraiding. The old people blessed her with their tenderest blessings; and the children grew and grew, and promised to do honor to their father's name.

One evening, a glowing afternoon in June, when the beauty of the earth seems shining on the eye of affliction as if in mockery of its tears, the little family was assembled in the one lowly apartment; Caroline with her infant on her knee, the elder girl rehearsing in the ear of her grandfather one of those beautiful lessons of scriptural wisdom to which the bereaved turn yearningly for consolation. It was the raising of Lazarus!—and when the gentle child came to the words, "Lord! hadst thou been here, my brother had not died," the scalding tears dropped from the widow's eyes upon the little face that smiled up into her own. A strange object had attracted the infant's eye—even the figure of an officer who stood transfixed at the open door. A cry of madness burst from Caroline's lips. The girls called loudly on the name of their dead father. The aged people alone were self-possessed to see that it was no apparition, but a breathing form of flesh and blood that stood before them.

"Caroline, my blessed wife!" cried the

hoarse voice of the happy Arthur. "My wounds and my imprisonment alone caused me to be reported among the slain. I have returned to you rich—promoted!—Nay, turn not your face from the infirm veteran who comes to be nursed and caressed among you, and to leave you no more!"

"It were vain to describe the delicious agony of that meeting—the transition from such sorrow to such joy is not a thing for words. Even Caroline could only murmur in thanksgiving, 'My prayers are heard!—Heaven and my mother have accepted my sacrifice, and pardoned my transgression.'"

A HAPPY TURN.—At one of the country courts, where an indictment for an assault had been preferred against a woman for the ill usage of her husband who was superannuated, his counsel in the heat of declamation, happened to say that half the sex were devils! But seeing a number of genteel females in the court, after a very short pause, he went on—"but the other half are angels! and several of them are now present."

Married,

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Robert Rosman, M. D. of the firm of Frary & Rosman, to Miss Catherine M. daughter of John Gaul, Esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cairns, Mr. Walter B. Crane, of Bolton, Ulster co., to Miss Eliza McKinstry, of this city.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. John I. Tenbroeck to Miss Helen Tenbroeck, daughter of Seth Tenbroeck, Esq. all of this city.

At Stockport, on the 28th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Burger, the Rev. Adolphus Rumpf, pastor of Zion's Church, Athens, to Miss Angelica Hardick, daughter of Mr. John Hurdick of the former place.

At Columbiaville, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Scovel, Mr. George Storrs, Merchant of this city, to Miss Jane, daughter of James Wild, Esq. of the former place.

At Athens, on the 21st inst, by the Rev. Mr. Kumpf, Mr. Jacob Armstrong, to Miss Rebecca Clough, both of that place.

In Chatham, on Wednesday, the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. New, Mr. Albert Cady, of Canaan, to Miss Lydia Hudson, of the above place.

Died,

At Athens, on the 28th instant, Capt. John T. Haviland, in the 44th year of his age.

At Great Barrington, November 16th, Daniel S. Roweter, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 12th instant, at the house of his nephew, James Nixon, in this city, Mr. John Greene, (formerly merchant in New-York, of the House of Greene and Lovett,) in the 77th year of his age.

THE MAGNOLIA.

Hudson, Saturday November 30, 1833.

To Correspondents.

We lay before our readers an "Unpublished Chapter from Fibleton's Travels," giving a description of this city. It is written in a burlesque style, as a hit on English authors who misrepresent, and pervert every thing appertaining to American customs and habits.

The communication of F. M. on "Improvement," will be found in this number.

The Poetic effusions of C. D. appears in this number. We thank her for the favor she has shown us, and wish its continuance.

Robertus' communication has been received, and for the present we must decline publishing it. We would say to Robertus, that a little more attention to the concoction of his ideas, would make his future communications more acceptable.

For the Magnolia.

MR. EDITOR—Somebody who crossed himself in the last Repository, tried to palm off his trash, (which the following unpublished chapter from Fibleton's Travels, proves was a forgery,) as the real bona fide production of the Ex-Barber to the King of England. The author of that faithless description, is, without any doubt, the straggler, of whom Fibleton, in the following chapter, speaks as having assumed his name. It is owing to my personal familiarity with the Ex-Barber, and to the fact that he supposed some underhanded attempt might be made against the honor of the city of Hudson, and the peace of the people, that I am able to offer for publication, the following chapter written by the same hand which formerly scraped his Majesty's chin. George Fibleton, Esq. Ex-Barber, &c.

BY HIS NEXT FRIEND.

Unpublished Chapter from Fibleton's Travels.

* * * My next visit was to HUDSON, so called from the celebrated navigator of that name, who having been sent out on an exploring expedition by William the Conqueror, discovered the Hudson River, and formed a settlement at this place. The town increasing in size, King Richard, when raising funds for the prosecution of the crusades, in consideration of a handsome subsidy, erected it into a city, with the privilege of having one representative in the House of Commons. Eve

since the rebellion in 1776, the citizens have been deprived of this right, and instead thereof, they now send one member to the House of Peers, of the State Parliament at Albany. Lineal descendants of the great Admiral Hudson, are still living at this place, but are treated with no more deference than other respectable citizens, which I consider a striking instance of the hostility of the Americans to hereditary honors, and of their disloyal disregard of the posterity of an officer, ennobled by that most gracious and native English King—William the Conqueror.

Hudson is celebrated among the Americans, as the place where Martin Van Buren, heir apparent to the throne of the Union, received his education. At my request the school house was pointed out to me. It is an antique looking building, two stories high, directly opposite the city Bridewell; a prison first built as a place of confinement for such obstinate students as refused to imbibe their teachers political notions. While the young prince Martin was at this school, a dispute arose between the teachers and scholars as to the relative merit of the ancient philosophers, Heraclitus and Democritus, in which originated one of the great political parties of this country. The teachers had met with a great calamity that year, (which was I believe in 1800,) and very naturally asserted the superiority of the weeping philosopher; the scholars, however, supported Democritus, took from him the name of Democrats, drove their adversaries from the school house, and finally expelled them from this part of the country.

Hudson is also distinguished as the birth place of Red Whiskered Magician, a noted American Chief, possessed of the powers of necromancy, and who derived his name from the circumstance of having, one of his secret incantations, scorched his hair to such a degree that the stain could never be removed. He was always disliked by the nobility, and for some of his offences, was a few years since banished from the country. Upon his return he revenged himself by introducing into America, a ferocious animal called the Cholera, which was born in the East Indies, and had committed extensive ravages in the other Hemisphere, where it was caught by the arts of Magician, and by him let loose upon the whole United States, with the exception of this city of his nativity. Magician finally grew so dangerous to the constituted orders, that he was tried by the House of Lords, and condemned to instant annihilation; but the sentence produced such a commotion, that the

Commons made him Chancellor, by virtue of which office, he now occupies the woolstack and presides over the Peers.

I learned upon enquiry, that it is nothing unusual for people in this country to be possessed of supernatural powers; and have no doubt this is the reason why the rebellion in 1776 proved successful. For my part, as an Englishman, I rejoice that our most gracious King, William the Fourth, does not reign over this land of savages, and that his Royal Father George the Third refused any longer to continue his government over a people ignorant of its benefits. But since the people of this country have such singular powers, and such fiery officers, I really think the King's Ministry would do well to avoid any direct collision; though if there should be war, I have no doubt one regiment of his Majesty's troops, would drive the whole American army—into the river—just as it was at the battle of Bunker Hill, in the rebellion.

Bunker Hill, where the British army gained such a victory, is situated at the head of the main street of the city of Hudson, about a mile from the river. The barracks have remained upon it until the present year; but are now removed, and it is said, are to be converted into a Court House. A celebrated British general was slain in that battle, from whom the principal street of the city derives its name.

The Common Council of the city, consists of the Lord Mayor and four older men, chosen in consequence of their age, who constitute the Upper House, and four Assistants, composing the Lower House, and holds its meetings in the County Jail, that if its members refuse to enact proper laws, they may be immediately committed without benefit of Clergy. It is called Common Council, in contradistinction to the Special Council—a body composed of the Lord Mayor, Lord High Sheriff of the city and three Counsellors—which convenes only in cases of emergency, and then holds its meetings in a house belonging to the Temperance Society. The proceedings of both Councils are annually revised by the people, and while those of the former are sometimes sanctioned, those of the latter are generally vetoed—an other proof of the ignorance of the American people, inasmuch as they condemn the very qualities of *secrecy* and *dispatch*, which all Englishmen so much approve.

The City Bridewell is situated near the public Market, and the prisoners are employed in laboring in the slaughter house. They despatch annually about half a million of cat-

le, which are mostly disposed of at the Print Works, a large town in the interior, the inhabitants of which are employed in the construction of Printers and Printing Machines; and which, in consequence of consuming so much neat stock, has received the name of Stockport. The greatest part of the revenue of the city is derived from this source.

The tides in the Hudson River are so strong that they have caused the establishment of a Tow Boat Company, which is a Powerful association of individuals, who with long cords manufactured at a Rope Walk for that purpose, draw steamboats and other vessels against the force of the current.

There is a Whaling Company established in Hudson, which annually sends out ships to cruise for whales in Lake Superior, and the Lakes in the Woods. These vessels are nothing like our frigates in England. I saw the largest that belongs to the Hudson fleet, just as it was starting on a whaling voyage to the Red Sea, which lies a little beyond the Rocky Mountains. This vessel could not possibly contain more than fifty barrels of oil, and was expected to be absent twenty years. It is strange that the Americans boast so much of their navy; for absolutely, I have known an English ship and crew, to accomplish the very same voyage in half the time.

The inhabitants of Hudson boast also of their literary enterprise, and have established a few weekly political Journals for adults, and others containing amusing miscellany, and instructive tales for children. The editors will probably be soon sent to the National or State Parliament, or despatched Pleasantly upon some foreign mission; but they are inferior to our English editors, one of whom will furnish his devil more to copy in an hour, than they all do in a month.

The Americans have a singular way of showing their regard for English gentlemen of distinction, whom I have frequently seen raised to a very uncomfortable elevation, out of pure good will, and sincere respect for their official stations. I myself—even I, Ex-Barber to his most gracious Majesty, have had numerous opportunities for becoming so distinguished. I was always a modest man, even in America, and accordingly the last offer that was made me, I turned off upon a straggler who had assumed my name, and who was evidently a vulgar fellow, and unaccustomed to high life; for he was so much displeased with his lofty station, that he swore he would be revenged upon every thing animate or in-

animate belonging to Hudson. I should not be surprised if he should slander the city; but as I escaped so well, considering the inhabitants are Americans, they may justly claim a notice in my book of travels, and I will make it as favorable as my conscience and habits will permit.

The Banners of the Free.

There are murmurs from the shore,
Born of ocean's toiling waves;
There's a deep and sullen roar,
From the mountains and its caves;
Louder than the rock or sea,
Hoils the voice of Liberty!

Hark! the stirring, lofty call!
Heroes! from the dust arise,
Read the sullen shattered pall
From the grave of victories!
Over them with eagle glee,
Float the banners of the free!

Borne upon the thunder gales,
Patriot spirits, lo! behold!
They are full of lofty tales,
Tales that make a coward bold!
Tales of blood and victory
On the banners of the free!

Let the slave sleep out his day,
Hug the fetter, kiss the chain,
Soon will roar the mighty fray,
Vengeance to wash out the stain.
Then on high and proudly wave
Banners of the free and brave!

War shall blow her trumpet breath,
Swords shall flash and incense flame,
Foiled will be the spear of death,
In that struggle's awful game!
Battle's but a briefer road,
For a slave to seek his God.

Are those banners now unfurled,
Float they on the thunder air,
Offspring of a crouching world,
Lo! they're blazing proudly there!
By those banners of the brave,
Tyranny shall find a grave.

Lo! the golden orb'd shield!
Freedom flames before the van;
Sons of slavery! to the field,
Foot to foot, and man to man!
As to-day the evening clouds,
Let those banners be your shrouds.

Shrouds of crimson, steeped in blood,
Blood of foemen in the fight;
Let him live a slave who would,
Fetters are a coward's right,
Let him veil his eyes nor see
Banners of the brave and free.

Front to front and hand to hand,
Shield to shield, and glaive to glaive;
Dauntless breast and light'ning brand,
Here is life and there the grave;
Let thine own hand close the strife,
Death is but to leap to life.

What is blood that's not thine own,
Fever'd by a tyrant's tolls?
What are lips that have no tone
But for fettered beauty's smiles?
What's affection that is curst
For an offspring chained and curst?

There is thunder on the heaven—
Hark! it rolls from shore to shore!
Thunders by a nation given,
Despotism's reign is over;
Chains are riven, fetters free
From the man who would be free.

For the Magnolia.

IMPROVEMENT.

"Come bright improvement on the car of time,
And rule the spacious world, from clime to clime."

Improvement seems to be written in legible characters upon almost every thing in the universe. The mind of man has been continually exerted and on the rack of invention, until the whole aspect of things seems to be totally changed. There is scarcely an article of ancient invention that has not been thrown aside, and given place to others much superior. There appears to be but one thing that has deteriorated with the times, and which the attention of man never has been directed to—that is the good old custom of keeping regular hours, and allotting due proportions of time to various duties. To some, this may appear to be of minor importance; but when viewed in the right light, and its bearings and tendencies fully examined, its validity cannot but be established. If we compare it with the present mode of life, from which it differs widely, it will stand out in brighter colors to the eye of an observer, although it may not present an imposing and alluring form. There was a time, when the hours of midnight were passed in sleep as nature dictated; when the toils of the day were finished, the laborer, the mechanic and the professional man, gave himself to repose, that he might refresh his wearied limbs, and rise as the sun began to peer behind the eastern hills, to pursue his daily avocation. But now, how altered! The laws of nature are perverted, and man has taken upon him the high prerogative of pointing out a better path than his maker. The rosy finger of improvement has left an indelible impress every where but here. It has penetrated into the remotest recesses, examined the celestial regions, entered into the bowels of the earth for sources of happiness to human beings, but has passed by this one all important thing, which should have been esteemed as one of the greatest means of procuring solid happiness. Instead of witnessing the old habits that characterised our forefathers, and which brought health and prosperity in their train; we behold disorder and confusion in the domestic circle, substituted in its place. The mild moon no longer looks down upon a people locked in the embrace of sleep, but runs its course through the heavens to guide the reeling steps of the inebriated man, or to light the path of the gambler, the wretched victim of despair, the frequenters of theatres and scenes of dissipation, to their poverty

stricken homes and famishing wives and children. The united testimony of physicians concur in the truth of the old but quaint adage—"an early riser is distinguished for his health, and wealth, his mental as well as his corporeal powers." There is not an instance in the memory of man, where this short and inestimable proverb has not proved true, although there are many who have never practised it, and may be considered as anomalies to this rule, who have risen to the very highest pinnacle of fame, who have been blessed in abundance with the good of this world, and been attended with fortune in every step of their lives. Show me the man, who when day has retired, and the dusky shades of evening thrown their mantle over the earth, betakes himself to his couch, and breaks the chains of Morpheus when "jocund day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain top," and you point me to one who enjoys that most valuable of all earthly treasures, health, and who is on the road to wealth. You will likewise find it to be invariably the case, that his character is the least tarnished and unsullied of the human race.—Arguments might be adduced without number to substantiate these facts. Individuals might be brought forward, who have adhered to this important maxim that would place it upon a permanent basis, and show the futility of efforts at refutation. Strange it is that amid all the bright improvements that have been effected, this should remain isolated and unnoticed. Why are so many of the sons and daughters of wealthy individuals the victims of malignant diseases, and cut off in the freshness and bloom of youth? Why do so many of the hopeful and talented sons of America suffer an untimely death, while the more rude and ignorant class live till old age sweeps them into oblivion. In passing through the streets of populous cities, it will be seen with a slight degree of observation, that the slender and attenuated forms of the affluent carry not with them the marks of health. The hollow cheek and sunken eye betray their habits; while on the other hand, those in more moderate circumstances are characterised by a ruddy countenance and muscular strength. They drag not their bodies along unwillingly like the snail, but move with the buoyancy and elasticity of youth. When there is such a field for improvement as there is here, why not avail ourselves of the opportunity? Why not let the attention of man be turned towards the improvement of habits and customs, as well as of domestic and mechanical utensils.

F. M.

For the Magnolia.

The Tyrolese.

Fair Tyrolese! though lonely is thy home,
In Fauna's vale, the lark is not more free;
And from the torrents wild impetuous foam,
Thy mind hath caught a startling energy.

Though lowly is thy birth, nature hath given
To thee her impress of nobility,
And taught thy heart to offer up to heaven,
The homage of its deep humility.

Oh! have thy footsteps, led by instinctive fear,
Brav'd the rude dangers of the mountain pass,
And mid the tempest, turned a listening ear,
For thy young brother's bugle on the blast.

And if it came not, and the shrill eagle's cry
Alone, resounded through the sultry air,
How wouldst thou quell thy soul's deep agony,
With tearful eloquence, in fervent prayer.

But hark! amidst the tempests gathering might,
And glacier's swell, there comes a softened sound,
Now sweetly stealing o'er the dizzy height,
And now, the hills and caves re-echo round.

Up, up, the steep! thy eager footsteps dart,
Led on by hope and dread, 'twixt smiles and tears,
And now one burst of joy escapes thy beating heart,
As his lov'd form dispels thy doubts and fears.

C. D.

From the American Biographical Dictionary.

George Clinton.

Formerly Governor of the state of New-York, and Vice President of the United States, was born on the 26th July, 1793, in the county of Ulster, in the colony of New-York. He was the youngest son of Col. Charles Clinton, an emigrant from Ireland, and a gentleman of distinguished worth and high consideration.

He was educated, principally, under the eye of his father, and received the instruction of a learned minister of the Presbyterian Church, who had graduated at the University of Aberdeen; and after reading law in the office of Wm. Smith, afterwards chief justice of Canada, he settled himself in that profession, in the county of his nativity, where he rose to eminence.

In 1768, he took his seat as one of the members of the colonial assembly, for the county of Ulster; and he continued an active member of that body until it was merged in the revolution. His energy of character, discriminating intellect, and undaunted courage, placed him among the chiefs of the whig party; and he was always considered possessed of a superior mind and master spirit, on which his country might rely, as an asylum in the most gloomy periods of her fortunes.

On the 22nd April, 1775, he was chosen by the provincial convention of New-York, one of the delegates to the continental congress, and took his seat in that illustrious body on the 15th of May. On the 4th July, 1776, he was present at the glorious declaration of independence, and assented with his usual energy and decision to that measure; but having been appointed a brigadier general in the militia, and also in the army, the exigen-

cies of his country at that trying hour, rendered it necessary for him to take the field in person, and he therefore retired from congress immediately after his vote was given, and before the instrument was transcribed for the signatures of the members; for which reason his name does not appear among the signers.

A constitution having been adopted for the state of New-York, on the 20th April, 1777, he was chosen at the first election under it, both governor and lieutenant governor, and he was continued in the former office eighteen years, by triennial elections; when, owing to ill health, he declined a re-election.

During the revolutionary war, he cordially co-operated with the immortal Washington, and without his aid, the army would have been disbanded, and the northern separated from the southern states, by the intervention of British troops. He was always at his post in the times that tried men's souls; at one period, repelling the advances of the enemy from Canada, and at another, meeting them in battle, when approaching from the south. His gallant defence of Fort Montgomery, with a handful of men, against a powerful force commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, was equally honorable to his intrepidity and his skill.

The following are the particulars of his gallant conduct at the storming of forts Montgomery and Clinton, in Oct. 1777.

"When the British reinforcements, under Gen. Robertson, amounting to nearly two thousand men, arrived from Europe, Sir Henry Clinton used the greatest exertion, and availed himself of every favorable circumstance to put these troops into immediate operation. Many were sent to suitable vessels and united in the expedition, which consisted of about four thousand men, against the forts in the Highlands. Having made the necessary arrangements, he moved up the North River, and landed on the 4th of October, at Tarrytown, purposely to impress General Putnam, under whose command a thousand continental troops had been left, with a belief that his post at Peekskill was the object of attack. At eight o'clock at night, the general communicated to Governor Clinton, of the arrival of the British, and at the same time expressed his opinion respecting their destination. The designs of Sir Henry were immediately perceived by the governor, who prorogued the assembly on the following day, and arrived that night at Fort Montgomery. The British troops in the mean time, were secretly conveyed across the river, and assaults upon our forts were meditated to be made on the 6th, which were accordingly put in execution by attacking the American advanced party at Doodletown, about two miles and a half from Fort Montgomery. The Americans received the fire of the British, and retreated to Fort Clinton. The enemy then advanced to the west side of the mountain, in order to attack our troops in the rear. Governor Clinton immediately ordered out a detachment of one hundred men toward Doodletown, and another of sixty, with a brass field piece, to an eligible spot on another road. They were both soon attacked by the whole force of the enemy, and

compelled to fall back. It had been remarked that the talents, as well as the temper of a commander, are put to as severe a test in conducting a retreat as achieving a victory. The truth of this Governor Clinton experienced, when, with great bravery, and the most perfect order, he retired till he reached the fort. He lost no time in placing his men in the best manner that circumstances would permit. His post, however, as well as Fort Clinton, in a few minutes were invaded on every side. In the midst of this disheartening and appalling disaster, he was summoned, when the sun was only an hour high, to surrender; but his gallant spirit sternly refused to obey the call. In a short time after, the British made a general and most desperate attack on both posts, which was received by the Americans with undiminished courage and resistance. Officers and men, militia and continentals, all behaved alike brave. An incessant fire was kept up till dusk, when our troops were overpowered by numbers, who forced the lines and redoubts at both posts. Many of the Americans fought their way out—others accidentally mixed with the enemy, and thus made their escape effectually; for besides being favoured by the night, they knew the various avenues in the mountains. The Governor, as well as his brother, General James Clinton, who was wounded, were not taken."

The administration of Governor Clinton was characterised by wisdom and patriotism. He was a republican in principle and practice. After a retirement of five years he was called by the citizens of the city and county of New York, to represent them in the state; and to his influence and popularity may be ascribed in a great degree, the change in his native state, which finally produced the important political revolution of 1801.

At that period, much against his inclination, but from motives of patriotism, he consented to an election as governor, and in 1805 he was chosen V. President of the United States, in which office he continued until his death; presiding with great dignity in the senate, and evincing by his votes and his opinions, his decided hostility to constructive authority, and to innovations on the established principles of republican government.

He died at Washington, when attending to his duties as Vice President, and was interred in that city, where a monument was erected by the filial piety of his children, with this inscription, written by his nephew:—

"To the memory of George Clinton. He was born in the state of New-York, on the 26th of July, 1739, and died in the city of Washington, on the 20th April, 1812, in the 73d year of his age. He was a soldier and statesman of the revolution. Eminent in council and distinguished in war, he filled, with unexampled usefulness, purity, and ability, among many other offices, those of governor of his native state, and of Vice President of the United States. While he lived, his virtue, wisdom, and valour, were the pride, the ornament, and security of his country; and when he died, he left an illustrious example of a well spent life, worthy of all imitation."

There are few men who will occupy as

renowned a place in the history of his country as George Clinton; and the progress of time will increase the public veneration, and thicken the laurels that cover his monument.

The Hermit and the Vision.

It is told of a religious recluse, who, in the early ages of christianity, betook himself to a cave in Upper Egypt, which in the times of the Pharaohs, had been a depository for mummies, that he prayed there, morning, noon and night, eating only of the dates which some neighboring trees afforded, and drinking the water of the Nile. At length, the hermit became weary of life, and then he prayed still more earnestly.

After this duty, one day he fell asleep, and the vision of an Angel appeared to him in a dream, commanding him to arise, and cut down a neighboring palm-tree, and make a rope of its fibres, and, after it was done, the angel would appear to him again. The hermit awoke, and instantly applied himself to obey the vision.

He travelled about, from place to place, many days, before he could procure an axe; and during his journey, he felt happier than he had for a long time. His prayers were now short and few; but what they wanted in length and number, they out-measured in fervency.

Having returned with the axe, he cut down the tree; and, with much labor and assiduity during several days, prepared the fibres to make the rope; and after a continuance of daily occupation for some weeks, completed the command.

The vision that night appeared to the hermit, as promised, and thus addressed him: "You are no longer weary of life, but happy. Know, then, that man was made for labor; and prayer also is his duty: the one as well as the other is essential to his well-being. Arise in the morning, take the cord, and with it gird up thy loins, and go forth into the world; and let it be a memorial to thee, of what God expects from man if he would be blessed with happiness on earth."

From the Old Colony (Plymouth) Democrat.

ANECDOTE.—A few days since, a native of the Emerald Isle resident in this town, waited upon the undertaker, and the following conversation ensued:

"Good morning, Sir! And 'tis with great grief that I say it, though to be sure, I feel to bear up under this distressing compensation like "patience on a monument smelling at grief," as the Psalmist says."

"What's the matter, Sir."

"Matther, indade! it's the worst thing that has happened to me, since I ceased to be an old bachilthur, so it is. The little innocent is but a crathur of yesterday, and is n't it to be buried to-day, shure!"

"You wish to have a child buried then, do you Sir?"

"And who should it be, but I, that wants such a weepsome job done as that, though it's not meself that wishes it by no manner of means."

"Well, I will attend to it to-night."

"Yes you git riddy the grave, and I'll git the dare infant a wooden jacket, so I will; and remember, not to forgit to come to-night, if you recollect it."

So saying, he hastened to a joiner—the coffin was made, and the grave dug with all due gravity and solemnity; the sexton stuck his spade by the side of the grave, that he might find his way to it amid the darkness of approaching night, when he was to return bearing, tenantless, the "soul's dark cottage" of the little immortal. Time flew rapidly away, and in the evening as the clock struck eleven, the same number of astounding knocks on the door of the sexton, announced that the Irishman was once more waiting at audience. He opened the door,—"I thought I'd jist call and tell you that you'd better forgit to come to-night,—I think 'twill be best to put it off till a more convenient sason."

"Why do you wish, to put off the burial, Sir?"

"Why, I think 'twill be best to put it off, considerin' the bad weather and the circumstances of the case, and seein' the dare honey that was goin' to be buried, is n't dead yit!"

"Not dead! What upon earth was the necessity of putting me to all this trouble, about a living child!"

"And when I called this morning, I considered the child as good as dead, so I did—for shure enough says the docthur, says he, the little crathur, wont live the day out,—and so I made up my mind to have the matter got through with decently you see, and so I called, but my wife tould me I had better not come yit, for the crathur might live after all,—but, says I, the docthur knows best, but my wife was 'en right; the child is n't dead yit, for it's pleased Heaven in great mercy to prove the docthur a liar, so it has,—so you see it's no blame of mine at all, and the docthur must foot the bills for the grave and the coffin, so he shall, or by St. Patrick, I'll shillelah him for giving me false information about the child's health, so I will. Good night, Sir."

"A WAY PASSENGER!—A daughter of the Emerald Isle, who took passage on board the steamboat Ohio, last evening, at New York, found herself the mother of a fine boy long before her arrival at Albany! This, we suppose, may be called the natural increase of Passengers. Captain Bartholomew presents the boy with a frock, and he is to be christened Ohio M'Shane.—*Alb. Ec. Jour.*

In Switzerland, if a husband and wife disagree so much that they cannot think of living together, the legislature determine they shall have one bad, one table, one spoon, one plate, and one knife and fork; and if after three months trial in this way they cannot make up matters, they are at liberty to part!

A NOTICE OF MOTION.—"I rise, my lord," said a certain barrister noted for prelixity in the Court of King's Bench, "to give notice of a motion." The judge interrupted him by saying "Mr. S. your rising is always a notice of motion, for every one that can moves off."

For the Magnolia.

To Miss B——.

There is a sadness that comes o'er the heart,
When friendships strongest ties are broken;
And there's a sadness when kind friends do part,
Seen in a tear, though not in words 'tis spoken.

And there's a beauty in the falling tear,
When prompted by redeeming truth;
It is a pledge to those we hold most dear,
Perhaps of friendship formed in early youth.

And there's a sadness that will always last,
When wounded by contempt or scorn;
For memory will recall the scenes that's past,
And make the bosom cold, the heart forlorn.

But when the tear is glistening in the eye,
And every feeling has a powerful charm,
One tender look, one heart-felt heaving sigh,
The coldest bosom soon, ah! soon 'twill warm.

May you, my friend, ne'er shed one bitter tear,
But light and buoyant may thy spirit be,
Long life, and health to thee each coming year,
And bliss throughout eternity. D. J.

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THE MAGNOLIA,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, BY

P. DEAN CARRIQUE.

Hudson, N.Y., at One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Persons acting as Agents, on forwarding Five Dollars shall receive six copies, and in the same proportion for all they may obtain.

All letters and communications must come post-paid to receive attention.